Stearyies the Way sof the sieux indians from a Littic Cave in the Seaw.

There can be no question that a full-born redskin is one of the sharpet pieces of human mechanism ever put togother. He must be sharp and keen, and entning, and brave to be a nucees even as a hunter. To be a full to be a nucees even as a hunter. To be a full to be more than the most be the must be able to endous nights, to find his way through the wilderness and over the prairies by Instinct, to hide his trail with the cunning of a serpent, to uncover the trail of his enemy, to ereep, craw, run climb, dode, and hide like a spirit. And yet the sharnest Indian is sometimes better by what might be termed a simple twist of the wrist on the part of a white man.

Twelve or fourteen years ano, while I was in the foot bills to the north of I ort Sully, Dakota, with a professional hunter and indian finitive annothed in Taylor, he returned to the adjustment of a white man.

Twelve or fourteen years ano, while I was in the foot bills to the north of I ort Sully, Dakota, with a professional hunter and indian finitive annothed the professional hunter and the professional hunter and indian finitive annothed to a supplementation on snorming from a visit to some traps, and by Propare to pack up and git."

I had been making a collection of minerals and curiodities and putting up some specimens of bird and beast life for the mussum of an Eastern college. It was December, with two foot of snow on the ground and bitterje cold weather and the professional hunter and the professional professional hunter and the professional hunter an

it had been a dark cloudy morning, with every evidence of a storm; and as we stood talking at the door of the cabin a few snow flakes fluttered down.

"That's good," he chuckled, as he made a survey of the sky. "Now make up the pucks as soon as possible and we will be off."

While he stood sentry I made up two packs of provisions and blankets, and nothing of any value was now left behind. We shouldered the bundles and set off in the direction of the forf, and as we loft the cabin the snow began felling so thickly that we could not see fifty feet in any direction. This was for and against us. Unless the indians followed us too closely our trail would soon be hidden, and we would oscape them, but nothing was more certain than that we could not reach the fort in such weather without severe suffering. Presently the whad began to blow and the air to grow very cold, and then we saw that the storm was developing into a bilizzard.

Running, walking, breasting the storm as we could, we made a distance of seven or eight miles, and Taylor then decided that we turn into a bit of valley to our left. The storm was now raging furiously, and we could stand against it no longer. Near the head of this valley was a great snowdrift, and at his suggestion we began digging into it for shelter. In half an hour we had excented a cave large enough to be due confortably, and while I got inside he lingered to bank up around the opening, and left only a hole large enough to crawl in. The gale was constantly adding to the drift, and we had not been hidden away an hour when there was an extra foot of snow over our heads, and the orlice had been almost closed. As for the trail we had left between the cabin and the valley, the snow tracks had either been filled up or blown away.

We were quite comfortable inside the cave, and it was noon before we knew whether the Indians had followed on or been content with destroying our cabin. At about that hour five of them liked in the was none young inhes and lead of the presence. They came to a hait un

them. They reasoned that we had pushed on and some of them asserted that we would perish in the storm.

We had repeating rilles, and were in proper shape, to whe the five out inside of two minutes. I proposed to open fire as they ate the meat cooked over the roaring blaze, but Taylor promptly orgued against it. They would certainly be missed from their village, and a search would give us no further thought, and we could safely return to the neighborhood of the cabin. His advice was sensible and to the point, and feeling that we were perfectly safe, we had nothing to do but smoke our pipes and point, and feeling that we were perfectly sale, we had nothing to do but smoke our pipes and study indian character. The storm began to abate toward night, and when evening came the wind died away and the snow consed to fall. It was bitterly cold, however, and the Indians made a grand fire and hugged it close. They fell asleep, or seemed to, long enough before we did, and now we certainly could have crept upon and destroyed them had we so planned. Other men in our circumstances might have desired the glory of such a slaughter, and would certainly have been considered before had they entered the fort with five indian scalps dangling from their belts.

It was an hour after daylight before the Indians calps dangling from their belts.

It was an hour after daylight before the Indians calps dangling from their belts.

It was an hour after daylight before the Indians calps dend they do with five indians the started off down the valley, passing so near set hiding place as they left that for the measurement we surely thought they were about to discover us. Half an hour later we dug our way out and used their sire to cook our own breaklast. That afternoon we returned to our cabin, and were pleased enough to find they had made no attempt to destroy it. Their trait led past it toward their village, and during our further stay of a month we were entirely undisturbed.

White Wit Against Red. "I reckon you know the old Red Cloud Agency to the northeast of Fort Laramie?" queried Joe Wagner, the Indian fighter, as he was asked to narrate one of his adventures.

"Yes."
"Well, still to the northeast of that is the Spotted Tail Agency, provided the Indian spected Tail Agency, provided the Indian agents haven't stolen it. Through these two reservations runs a bit of river called the Nioberara, and at a big bend, midway between the two agencies. I sot myself down one fall to do some trapping. It was the first or second year after the agencies were established and the redakins forced to live upon them, and the whole lot of them were in a cantankerous state from Bunday morning to Saturday night. War parties were enasking off the reservations now and then to sneak back when the pursuit became too hot, and the red deviis left at home thought no more of killing a white hunter than you would of kicking a chip out of your way.

"I went there to hunt and trap because it was a great game region, but I realized all the perils. I knew that if I was discovered by the indians. I'd be wiped out instanter. I outfitted at Laramie with a mule, provisions and traps, and was ten or leven days getting to the bend in the river I have spoken of. The first thing was to corral the mule in a safe place, and the pext to go into camp about a mile away and leave as few traces of my presence as possible, I didn't see any Indian signs ground there, but I didn't left that fact make me overconident. I have been struck by a rattlesnake when I didn't suppose there was one within ten miles. I made me a comfortable shelter of limbs and brush, got fifty-six traps into the river and some dead falls set, and had begun to feel a bit easier in my mind whon, on the third day after my arrival, I scouted out to see if the mule was all right. I found him dead. His throat had been cut from ear to ear, and, by the big horn spoon! It was the work of a redskin. He had not only sut the animal's throat clear across, but had sut and slashed the body in fifty places. In the sing language of the Indian that meant contempt for the owner of the mule. It meant or he look out for myself. I meant war to be knife on the white man who had dared tresbess upon the forbidien grounds.

If I had been fool nuff to go walking arou agents haven't stolen it. Through these two receivations runs a bit of river called the Nio-

THE SUN, SUNDAY, MAY I, 1857. SIXTEEN PAGES.

Johnny Reb Mortimer's First Meeting With Yankee Louis Jumes.

Gus Mortimer, the manager of Louis James, says that during the first winter of the war Bearregard commanded the army in Virginia, and the weather was intensely cold. The men were volunteers, of course, and entirely unused to the hardships of war, and they fell sick in great numbers, and, what was worse, became dull and dispirited. Profiting by the example of the firstNapoleon, Beauregard hit upon the plan of establishing a theatre in the camp for the amusement of the troops. Mortimer was selected to organize the company, and the work of creeting the theatre was begun. The man who was entrusted with the funds necessary to engage the company skipped South and descried with the money, and the movements of the Federal army broke up all the plans. During the war, Mortimer says, the theatres in the South coined money. The horrors of the siege were mitigated and sometimes added to by dramatical performances, and when an army entered a town, the first thing it did was to organize a company and play in the theatre. Some of the armies contained enough soldier actors for a very fairsized company, and in some cases plays were rehearsed ahead, but oftener still the company was non-military and belonged to the theatre or travelled about seeking to play in some town occupied by troops. The prices charged were 50 cents for privates and \$1 for officers, and the houses were universally packed. The audiences were enthusiastic and generally in the very best of humor—so much so as to make it rather difficult to play.

Mortimer was paroled, and played off and on for a vear or two with all sorts of picked-up companies—half professional, half amateur, and all sorts of section-lism and politics. Once at Corinth he played Richard III. In a linen duster, but the audience din't seem to mind the discrepancy a bit, and insisted on his coming forward in the tenth scene and singing. "The Star Spangled Banner" and "In the Prison Cell I Sit." On the night of the second day's battle of the Wilderness Mortimer was on picket duty. He had not eaten From the Chicago News, Gus Mortimer, the manager of Louis

dector had forbidden him using it. He was standing by a tree faint and despairing and in the agony of his situation he exclaimed.

"I'd give the biggest plug of tobacco in the world for a tiece of hard tack!"

"I'l take you at your word, Johnny Reb!" exclaimed a hearty volce, and before Mortimer could bring his gun to his shoulder, a form sprang out of the dusk and a stalwart zouave stood before him.

"I've been watching you for some time," continued the Northern man," and I thought you saw me and was getting ready to pot me till I heard you speak."

The zouave had unslung his knapsack, and displayed before the famishing rebel what seemed to him a bunquet.
"And now, young fellow," he said, "if you'll give me a plug of tobacco you can have all the hard tack your jaws can crack. Pork over!"

Such exchanges were common, and Mortimer clutched the food and passed over a plug of Virginia tobacco, which was as eagerly received by the zouave. They talked a moment or two and then, realizing their danger, prepared to part, Mortimer incidentally told his companion his name and calling. The other was surprised and said he was an actor, too.

"You are?" asked Mortimer, delighted. "You are a brick! When the war is over !'! come North and join you. What's your name?"

"Louis James." said the zouave, as he resting his knapsack, picked up his gun, and disappeared in the woods.

\$500 TO "SEE MOLONEY."

The Experiences of a Boston Politician is

Montreal.

Two politicians from the cultivated city of Boston paid a visit to this city recently, and while here they were the guests of Vice-Presi-dent Divver of the Board of Aldermen. Mr. Divver entertained them as only he knows how to entertain Bostonians, and on the third day of their visit here, while discussing a light lunch with their host, one of the visitors re-

of their visit here, while discussing a light lunch with their host, one of the visitors remarked that he had seen Billy Moloney.

"Where did you see him," asked Vice-President Divver.

"In Montreal," was the reply. "It was in this way. I was in that city during the carnival with three or four friends, and just before we came away we decided one evening that we would see Moloney. We walked up to a man who was standing by a sleigh and asked him if he knew Moloney. He said he did, and I told him to drive us to the place where he was. He then said that he was not the owner of the sleigh. "Never mind that, said I; you get up there and drive us to see Moloney, and we will pay you for it. He got up on the seat and we got in the sleigh, and after driving a little way he stopped in front of a house and led the way up two lights of stairs and showed us into a room where there was a game of fare going on. Behind the table was Billy Moloney dealing the game. Of course we went into the game, and before we came away we were about \$500 poorer than when we went in, and that is what we had to pay for a sight of Moloney."

"What sort of a looking man was the dealer?" asked Divver.

"He was a big, broad-faced man with a red moustache and close-cropped red hair," said the visitor from Boston.

Vice-President Divver laughed heartily, and then gave a correct description of the extending Clerk. When his Boston guest was convinced that he had been made the victim of the managers of a skin game, he promised Divver that he would entertain him royally in Boston for a week if he would not expose him to his fellow-politicians in that town.

Bobby Reaches a Climax.

Bobby was struggling to keep awake, and the preternatural look about his eyes told how heroic

the preternatural look about his eyes told how heroic those struggles were.

"Pa." he said to the old man, who was absorbed in Tax Evenature Sex. "can policemen arrest Generals" "Huh"—rattling the paper—"Is pass to." An interval of allence ensued.

"Pa. 'said finding again, jerking himself into a wide-awake position. 'are divers as good men as firemen?" "One more littled question like that. "hraatened the old man, "and I'l spank you and have you put to bed." Hother model sleepily for two minutes and toan fell off his chair.

"Pa." he said as he gained his seat, "how many bindes of grass do you "pose there is in Central Park Fyre milutes later looky was lying between the sheets face and spee downweed.

THE STEWARD'S STORY.

Told at the Criterion Club to an Apparently "On the 20th day of April, 1851," said Steward Ed Mather, at an informal meeting of the Criterion Club the other evening, "as I stood with my friend Gomez Tejada and his sweet young bride at the door of their cottage in the picturesque mountain village of Topeji, Mexico-fair Topeji, from whose agave-bordered lanes is seen, miles to the northward, but apparently only a step away, the snowy peak of belching Popocatapetl piereing the sky like a gleaming lance, while far away in the east fire-crowned Orizaba rears its sulphurous summit, a quenchless beacon high above the clouds—as I stood there, almost in the shadow of those awful mounts of flame, Gomez seized my hand, and while his voice quavered with emotion, and the dark-eyed beauty he had won turned her face aside to bide her welling tears, he said in hisrich native tongue:

"'Ed, old boy,' said he, 'if on any future anniversary of this day you fail to receive from me, wherever you may be, a case of the best

pulque this sun-klased land can produce, know that I am dead.'
"I was about taking my leave of Gomez and his bride, after having done them something of a favor, and having enjoyed their hospitality for a few days. When he made that pledge I know his gratitude was deep, for pulque to a Mexican is as his heart's blood. I left Topeil. and for thirty-five years I received a case of pulque on the 20th day of April as regularly as the day came round. This year the case did not come, and so I know that my old friend Gomez is dead, and I shall taste pulque of his

never more."

Gomes Tojada might have been dead, but he couldn't have been any deader than the silence that sat upon the club as the steward ceased speaking. The President of the club gazed in an abstracted way at a picture of himself on the wall, and tried to whistle. Cateror Collins drew Brother Harry Wall of New Haven aside,

speaking. The President of the ciub gazed in an abstracted way at a picture of himself on the wall, and tried to whistle. Caterer Collins druw Brother Harry Wall of New Havon aside, and whispered to him. Brother Wall tapped his forehead in a mysterious manner with his fingers.

"But he's only had two small bottles to-day," whispered the caterer.

"But he's only had two small bottles to-day," whispered the caterer.

"Bame old brand, as usual, I suppose?" Said Brother Wall. as stage whisper. "The O. P., brand, as usual, I suppose?"

"The O. P.," said Brother Wall. "The O. P. brand, O. P.—Other People's."

"Oh!" said the caterer. "Yes, the same old brand."

Then silence reigned again, but it was dispelled by Uncle Bill Nash, who said:

"Stoward, what are you trying to give us?"

"I was saying." replied the steward, "that on the 20th day of April, 1851, as I stood—"

"Yes, I know," interrupted Uncle Nash; "but what's pulque?"

"Pulque, sir," replied the steward, "is an ardent and exhibitanting spirit distilled from the young flower stalk of the agave plant or American aloe. I say the young flower stalk, but when the agave is ready to send forth its candalabra-like bloom that stalk, as any native Mexican will tell you, has been just one entury in getting to the flowering stage. Yet that is the infancy of its usefulness, and Julion warry in the dead and gone ages; the ancient atteck king, whose children are no more, and—"

"Yes, there's a few of them Aztec children left," interrupted Brother Wiley of the Brick Church. "They live in side-shows, and are distinguished by tologgan-side foreheads."

"And pulgue," continued the sieward, unminful of the interruption." Is the national drink of Mexico to-day. Alas'; poor Gomez! Gomez was rich. He made his money in pulque. It is a strange, strange story, the way I first met Gomez."

The year after the Mexican war," the steward repeased party of the make his money in pulque. It is a strange, strange story, the way I first met Gomez."

The year after the Mexican war, "the stewar

which the Banning torch of an attenuant threw a lithil glare. The prisoner was heavily ironed. He was stretched at length on the stone floor. His face was turned definantly toward his visitors. It was a villainous face, and one once seen never to be forgotten. He wore the please of his appearance. He stubbornly refused to answer any question asked him, and we left him in a few minutes alone.

"Well. Luigni he Tampasa was tried the next day after his capture, convicted, and sentenced to be broken on the wheel—a punishment that was considered too mild even to inflict upon the heardless criminal. My two young friends, the doctors, solicited the Frestidio to present them with the body or the order wheel, as they desired to inspect and study it in the interest of medical science. The Presidio seemed glad to make such a disposition of the body, and readily promised it to my friends. I was at their rooms when a couple of guards brought the late le Tampasa in. They had him in a bushel basket, When the basket was turned upside down on the table the robber chiefatain came out of it a confused and tangled mass of human parts. It took some time to disentangle them and straighten him out of the doctors were a gift, the Presidio seen to the disease of the late of the dis

selves. They couldn't fluid it in their marts to hand him book to the Treation with their compliments, and request him to have the gontleman run through the machine again, and they certainly did not propose to keep him in their certainly did not propose to keep him in their certainly did not propose to keep him in their certainly did not propose to keep him in their certainly did not propose to keep him in their certainly did not propose to keep him in their certainly did not proposed that they draw lots to see who should as shoot Tampasa, but that was not agreed to. The other suggested that they have it off somewhere and lose it, like an objectionable eat. All the while this gripped villain satin the corner where he had been placed and drank his pulque and set his food without the single laughter, while the expression of the cut throat nevel felt his face.

The contract of the certain the summary of the set of the s

THE MAIDEN'S SOLACE.

A Brief Chapter of Interesting Facts Con BANGOR, April 29.-The season's logging operations on the Penobscot are over now; the axe swingers are out of the woods and the bar-

vest, while the supply of spruce gum is liberally replenished, and every school girl in town can chew to her heart's content. A lump of clear, genuine spruce gum, fresh

and fragrant from its native forest, is not to be despised as a chewing substance, and if everybody could get the real article, instead of chean, adulterated stuff, the army of chewers would be vastly augmented. The natural gum is said by physicians to be beneficial to the teeth, and it is certainly a great improvement on tobacco. The woodsmen bring out considerable quanti-ties of gum, sometimes packed in pretty mininture barrels, which they whittle and carro from blocks of white pine or cedar during fole hours by the camp fire, as presents for their friends, but there are people who make a business of gathering gum, and in certain sections

from blocks of white pine or ecdar during sole hours by the camp fire, as presents for their friends, but there are people who make a business of gathering gum, and in certain sections of the spruce country it pays well.

Most of the spruce gum handled by the dealers comes from Canada and northern Maine, while Vermont and New Hampshire contribute a moderate quantity to the total yield. The best gum comes from no particular section, but always from the biggest spruce trees, and it begins to run in July or Agust, when, in these high latitudes, the sua becomes so hot as to crack the bark. On the limbs, in the crotches, and even in the trunk of the spruce, the moliton gum forms during the heat of summer in all sorts of fantastic shapes, and when cold weather sets in it becomes hard. The first year after its run the gum is white and pitchy, then it begins to turn amble and red, and the second year it is fit to pick for the market, although it is better if allowed to remain on the trees until the third year. After the third season the gum remains in the same state for several years, and then begins to "turn old," as the pickers say, and the consumer complains that it "thews hard," and crumbles up. A little more age makes it dark colored and bitter, and then its value is gone.

Up in Canada much of the gum is picked in the autumn, beginning as early as October, but there, as in Maine, the best time for the work is during the deep snows of the winter, when snowshoes are used, or in the early spring, when a man can travel along at a lively rate on the heavy crust, above the underbrush. The pickers are provided with long poles, on the end of which is fastened a sharp chisci, and underseath that a cup to receive the gum as it is chipped off. The cup holds from a pint to a quart, and when full it is emptied into a long bag which the packer carrios siung to his back like a knapsack. Those gum harvesters erect houts in the woods when far distantirum as estimated in the pickers for the purpose of refining it, as a first elass

Sensonable Remisseraces of an Ois-Timer of Kettle Creek.

HARRISDUM, April 27.—Up on the head-waters of Kettle Creek.

HARRISDUM, April 27.—Up on the head-waters of Kettle Creek lives one of the last of the ruce of hunters and fishermen who sprang from the original settlers in the wilderness of that still wild and romatic region. Until the past four or five years he lived alone the year round in his rude but snug cabin in the mountains, miles away from any other habitation, but the eucronelments of old age forced him during the late fall and winter months, although he made the move with reluctance to seek a home with a relative in one of the lumbering villages. As soon as the first signs of spring approach, however, he gathershis gun and fishing tackle together and strikes out for his cabin, where he remains until warned by the advance of winter to return again to his more secure quarters. When "Major" Haight is in his cabin the visiting fisherman or hunter may always be sure of a warm welcome and the best the hospitable place affords. The first week in this month found the Major comfortably settled in his favorite quarters, and there and in that condition he was called upon the other day by a party of Harrisburgers, anxious fors few days early trouting on the reliable old Kettle Creek and its branches. The wenther was cold. There was still some snow water in the streams.

"Glad to see ye, boys," said the Major, filling his pipe and sitrring up the fire on the capacious hearth. "Glad to see ye, but yer a leetle "arly. The brook hain't hollerin' quite so loud ex was tother day," said the, "but it's a mite tooloud quit, That trook gits its dandor up a good deal quloker'n it kin git it down ag'in, but of the content of the but tumbler.

More produced sources for the state of the control loud vit. That brook gits its dander up a good deal quicker'n it kin git it down ag'in, but I

see in a day strain.

The old min illied his pipe again, lit it, and mused a which I his pipe again, lit it, and mused a which I his pipe again, lit it, and mused a which I his pipe again, lit it, and mused a which I his pipe again, lit it, and mused a which I his pipe again, lit it is not one of you boys never know'd Jim. I guess. He was the whites the at time, years an' years ago. It's ben many a long day sence he was here isst, though, an' he won't never come no more. An' many's the good feller th't use to come up an' fish with me in them of 'times th' won't never come no more. It's God's own wonder th't I'm a-comin' here myself so long arter them o' timers quit a comin' forever, an' I teel lone-some an' louesomor every year, waitin'fer my ding says to me. May 'he adho, on. But all did no his pipe, but my name hain't litige no more th'n it's Shadrack, an' ye mowt know it wa'n't that or else I'd inh been dead long ago. 'Map,' he says to me one day.' I kin keich more trout to-day th'n you kin. an' bigger ones, too', he says, 'an' I'll bot you a dimayloin o' solden dew agin, the trout you happen to ketch th't I kin do lit, he says.

I forgot to say th't Jim alluz fetched with him a dimmyjoin o' staff th't-wail, boys. I can't begin to tell ye how amazin' an mirround agout hat standard manyloin o' staff th't-wail, boys. I can't begin to tell ye how amazin' an' mirround agout hat standard manyloin o' staff th't won't we attribute a goden dew. So w'en he said he bet me a dimmyjoin o' staff the was, a gallon of the was and the manyloin of it th't he could ketch more trout th'n me. I jist grabbed the bot so quick it makes me dizzy now a-thiskin' on it.

"Twa slater in the ecason th'n this-'long to'ards the middle o' May, I think. Yes, an' later, too, fer I member th't wen we started for the oreek 'arly that mornin' th' was a king-fisher perchado on a dead limb down yender. Still' they was peacocks, an' the June-berry trees looked like great snow banks piled over agin the hills' monist the head of the proposition of t

NEW YORK POLICE METHODS.

An Awfuity Rich Plush Maker,

Prom the Court Journal.

Mr. S. C. Lister, the well-known silk, plush, and velvet montfacturer of Manningham Mills, Bradford has purchased the Jorvanix Abbey estate, which adjoins the Swinton Park property he purchased four years ago. He this becomes the possessor of a splendid property extending six miles in one line, and embracing lister acres of land.

The man who, in spite of had times, has been making four years in land our the could expend \$200.000 in four years in land our make could expend \$200.000 in the for years in land our first he would expend \$200.000 in the for years in land our first he would expend \$200.000 in the property will be a remorkable illustration and on wat indeed for the for the for making fabulous fortunes has passed.

In a recent interview Mr. Lister, speaking of the way in which some men made money while others did not, and frade generally was depressed, said: "A man with brains can make money at any time. It's no use picking out single cases to back up a view. Look how the silk I can say, without any charge of egotism that I stynd nione. Where is the man in England, or in the world, who can say, as I can say, that he has spent 1000.000 in working our new idens?

My desiness life new is almost completed, and injult.

working out new ideas?

"My business life new is almost completed, and injulikelihood I shain hever take out another patent, but some time ago I sent to my agent for my patent list, which I had not seen for many years. Hew many patent list, which I had not seen for many years. Hew many patent all for inventions in the silk and wool manufacture! I I don't suppose that is a record that can be beaten by any one. I have never gone in for anything less than applications.

A Hot-Tempored Schoolmaster to be Tried

MILWAUERE, April 20.-George Werner, the tencher of the first district school in the township of Milwaukee, is under \$2,000 ball to answer the charge of manslaughter in having caused the death of a pupil to whom he was administering a flogging. This school district is chiefly populated by Germans, and Werner found much difficulty in managing the unruly boys, who made life a burden to him. This was his first term at the First district school, and he had tendered his resignation and asked to be transferred to another school, but continued in charge until some action should be taken by

the Trustees.

Among the pupils who had given him trouble was Henry Sengbusch, a boy of 12. On the very last day of Werner's charge of the school he had occasion to rebuke the lad for having failed to bring his ink bottle, and he sent him home for it just a little before noon. The boy did not return until the afternoon session, his father having directed him to wait for dinner

did not return until the afternoon session, his father having directed him to wait for dinner. He was taken to task for this, and Werper began by hauling him out of his seat and shaking him violently. Then he ordered him to stand in the middle of the Boor, where he fernised him on both hands with a wooden ruler. Just as this punishment was completed the boy fell to the floor unconscious.

Werner was now frightened, and quickly bore him to the outer hall, where water was dashed into his face. He could not be resuscitated, because he was dead. His neck had been broken by the preliminary shaking, and he was dying fast as he stood up with outstretched hands to receive the blows from the ferule.

A brother of the boy hastened home to inform his father, while the unit-stricken tescher went for a physician. He did not return to the school, but gave himself up at the police station. This was a wise precaution, for the neighbors of the dead boy's parents assembled at the school in great excitement, and would probably have lynched the teacher had he made his appearance. The post mortem examination developed the fact that the boy's neck had been dislocated, and that this was the cause of death.

Werner waived examination, and was released in bail of \$2,000. He is about 27 years of age, is married, and has one child. He has hitherto borne a good reputation, and since the tragedy has oxhibited great grief at the consequences of his violence. It is understood that on his trial for manslaughter the defence will plead that the death was an accident, but the parents and friends of the dead child have raised money to employ good legal talent to prosecute the case, and will work hard to secure a conviction on the ground that in shaking the boy by the shoulders the tencher was guilty of a barbarous, violont, and lliegal form of corporal punishment not tolersted by the rules of this school or by custom in any few lights and the fixing of the penalty, but there is an excellent prospect that werner's display of temper will prove a co

Childish Warriors

From the Palitatelphia Tetegraph.

It is likely that there will be a court martial ordered for Capi selfridge, whose bombs exploded in Japan. I am told that back of the whole thing is a gradge of long standing between the Capinin and Commodore Chandler, who was his superior officer. The criginal cause of their trouble is do not know.

It is strange what triles army and navy men will quarrelover. The service lakept in a constant state of feast after party perfy personal squalches. The most intensal from party performal squalches. The most intensal from party personal squalches. The most intensal from the party personal squalches, the most intensal from the control of the control the chief of the court of the chief of the chi